

Who's in charge? by femmesteve

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Summary:

Steve tries his hand at being dominant.

Who's in charge?

Author's Note:

Blow up my ask box on Tumblr: @FemmeSteve

Billy's hands are tied quite securely to the headboard. For the past fifteen minutes he had let Steve have his fun, but now he was done. He flexed his hands against the bonds, teeth beared as he watched Steve finger himself open. Steve was straddling Billy's lap, his fingers buried deep inside of himself as he tried to find pleasure. He was whining, unused to doing this part himself. He could never do it right!

"Come on, baby, give up. Untie me and let me take care of you," Billy coaxes softly.

"I'm in charge, shut up," Steve manages to respond, refusing to meet Billy's eyes.

Billy rolls his eyes and curses, jerking. Steve pauses, jolted by the sudden movement. He looks at Billy then, feeling pathetic. He really wants Billy to take over, and it's clearly written all over his face. However, an inkling of determination keeps him from giving up.

"Stevie, baby," Billy says, trying to get the other to look at him, "You can't do it like I can and you know it."

Steve huffs and ignores Billy, trying to focus on working himself open. His fingers are beginning to cramp and he still hasn't quite brushed his prostate yet. Billy watches Steve struggle with a tight lipped frown, nostrils flaring as he grows more frustrated with his position.

Steve finally gives up with a frustrated cry, ripping his fingers out of himself. They're covered in sticky lube that did not do its job, and Steve wipes it off onto the sheets with a growl.

"That's it, come here to me, let me show you how it's done," Billy is murmuring as Steve picks at his bonds.

Billy rips free as soon as the ties are loose enough, tackling Steve onto his back. Steve goes down with a groan, arching up against the other as Billy pins his arms down on either side of his head.

“You know you’re not in fucking charge,” Billy tuts, squeezing Steve’s wrists tightly.

“I wanted to try,” Steve whines, feeling Billy rut against him.

“Can’t even finger yourself right,” Billy releases one of Steve’s wrists to prod at Steve’s loose hole as he speaks, before sliding two fingers inside of him, “Need daddy to get in there and make you squirm,” He says gruffly.

Steve mewls and spreads his legs wide for Billy to have better access. His lips part on a long satisfied moan as Billy finds his prostrate without problem, twisting into it to make Steve jerk.

Billy teases him with his fingers for a moment or two more, watching Steve’s legs shake until he grows impatient. He removes his fingers suddenly, before unzipping his jeans with the slippery digits. Steve licks his lips and watches as Billy frees his hard cock.

Steve slings his legs over Billy’s shoulders, digging his heels into his back until the other boy comes close enough. Steve sighs out as Billy begins to press inside easily. Steve’s sloppy job with lube was at least good for one thing.

“Now, aren’t you glad I’m not still tied to the fucking bed?” Billy murmurs.

Steve tilts his hips up, helping Billy to slide in deeper. He hisses and nods, fisting the bedsheets in his hands.

“Yes,” Steve responds a bit breathily.

“Yes-?”

“Yes, daddy,” Steve corrects himself.

Billy grins and licks his lips before beginning to roll his hips. Steve arches his back and moans again, his eyes fluttering shut as Billy

continues to move.

"Thats what you needed, huh?" Billy taunts.

"I need you to shut up and fuck me," Steve snaps.

Billy slowly begins to pull out, confusing Steve for a moment. He cries out as his legs are thrown off of Billy's shoulders.

"Turn over," Billy instructs, motioning with a finger, "Brat."

Steve sticks his tongue out and does as he's told, flipping onto his stomach and raising his ass. Billy thrusts back into him quickly, drawing a shout from Steve. He begins a brusque pace, grunting as Steve squeezes around him through his pleasure.

"Daddy's in charge.. Daddy knows what you need, doesn't he?" Billy is murmuring.

Steve can't even nod, whimpering as he is pounded into, given what he knew that he needed so badly. Billy always fills him up just right, takes good care of him. Uses him just right.

Steve can hear Billy chuckling, and he realizes that he was speaking out loud.

Billy presses on Steve's lower back, watching his cock enter Steve's entrance hungrily. Steve's hole clenches around him perfectly, pulling his orgasm right from him. He drives it deep inside of the other boy, groaning loudly.

Steve fists his own cock as soon as he feels Billy's cock slip from his entrance. Billy fumbles to take over, spreading precome down Steve's shaft and slicking him up before beginning to jack him off.

Steve comes with a soft moan over Billy's hand.

"Hey!" Steve protests as Billy goes to wipe it on his sheets.

Billy makes direct eye contact as he continues to wipe his jizz covered hand onto Steve's sheets